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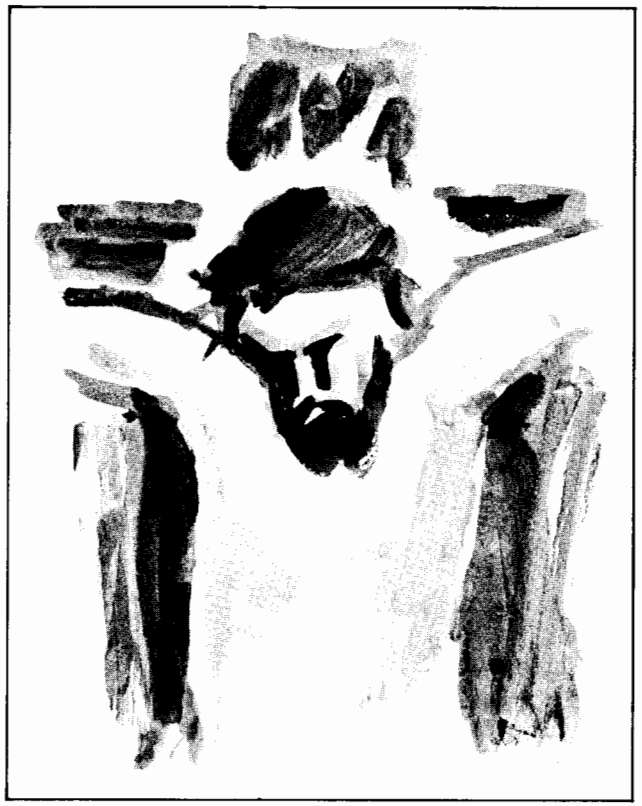

O love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

Volume 8, No. 3 **March, 1966**

Editorial...

LEROY GARRETT, Editor

A Unity Meeting at Bethany . . .

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL: 100 YEARS LATER

It was shortly before midnight, March 4, 1866 that Alexander Campbell departed this life. He was 78 years old. It had been fifty-seven years since he had left his native Ireland to come to the new world. He had been a reformer on the American frontier almost that long. He was a pioneer in education, not only in working for free public schools for all, but in founding the first college in America that made the Bible the basis of its curriculum. He had been an editor of religious periodicals for forty-four years. He was among the first scientific farmers and ranchers on the frontier, a leader in the wool-growing industry, a publisher of considerable reputation, and one of the instigators of one of the first freeways (or toll highways) into the western frontier.

When he died in the village that he himself founded and in the home where he had lived for fifty-five years, our young nation lost one of its most illustrous and versatile sons. He stood for all that made America great. Starting with the proverbial shoestring (if 150 acres or so of land that his father-in-law gave him can be considered a shoestring) he became one of Virginia's richest men. He not only founded a college, but gave it his farm for a campus and endowed it with his money. In his own little village he was everything from postmaster to college president. Abroad he was lecturer in the arts, reformer of religion and education, minister, debater, politician, as well as editor and publisher. He was a pioneer in broadcloth, or a gentleman of the frontier. He was a much travelled man and a conversationalist of the first order.

But his significance to the twentieth century is more than all these things. He was a precursor to the ecumenical movement, laboring for the unity of all Christians at a time when the subject was unpopular. He inspired the first union of churches ever to occur on American soil, and he set forth principles for the unity of all believers that are still valid.

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I wanted to do something *special* on this March 4, the one hundredth anniversary of Campbell's death, something beside reading and writing about him. So I thought I would call Louis Cochran in Nashville, who probably knows Alexander Campbell better and appreciates him as much as any living man. So, at the very hour "the Bishop" was dying one hundred years before, I called Mr. Cochran to congratulate him for doing so much to make Campbell live in our generation. His research on Campbell, which has resulted in many lectures and studies as well as novels and articles, has done much to make the Sage of Bethany relevant to our time. While I have not yet met Mr. Cochran personally, we have corresponded so extensively and shared ideas so much, that I think of him as an old friend.

It will interest our readers to know that Louie Cochran has been asked by a leading publishing house to write a history of the entire Campbellite movement, which will tell the story of all of our groups, and not just one of them. He has moved from California to Nashville so as to have ready access to historical documents. The publishers selected the right man, not only because he is an excellent writer and story-teller, but because he is "a disciple-at-large," as I like to call myself, that enjoys fellowship with all the Campbellite groups. We think it a fitting tribute that Cochran would undertake this project in the centennial year of Campbell's passing.

Louis Cochran is doing more than even he may realize for the unity of our great brotherhood. His novels on Campbell and Raccoon Smith have been read by the rank and file of all our segments, which in turn has had a tremendous influence in alerting our people to what our movement is all about .There are two important aspects in our work for unity that Cochran's work has enhanced. One is scholarship and the other is history. There is an important relationship between our divisive party spirit and our moral obligation to be intelligent. Cochran's scholarship and intelligence have reached out to all levels among us and have lifted us upward. We read and learn that our movement had *thinkers* for its leaders, that our pioneers were men of ideas as well as action. And it is thinking and intelligence and scholarship, which characterized our pioneers (including Raccoon Smith) as Cochran so well depicts, that will go far in ridding us of the littleness that keeps us a divided people.

And the fact that all our groups have a common historical background is an important resource in our efforts to close ranks. As we become more conscious of our history, and more curious as to how we became a great religious movement, we will begin to discover that we have too much in common to let ourselves remain divided.

It is the reason of our common history that a meeting is being called for this summer in Bethany of representatives from all of our several groups in tribute to the life and work of Alexander Campbell. You will be reading announcements of *Campbell After a Century: the Man and His Influence,* which will be a conference for all Campbellites, with a few Baptists and Presbyterians saying some things about what Campbell means to them. All our people are urged to share in this gath-

ering, whether liberals or conservatives, cooperatives or non-cooperatives, instrumental or non-instrumental, class or non-class, premill or amill—everybody! Invitations are going out to leaders of all these groups to be on the program. The dates are July 2-4.

This is not intended to be simply speeches about Campbell. To the contrary it calls for dialogue on the nature of our divisions and what can be done about it. Why don't you plan your vacation so as to be able to attend. Tours are planned that will allow one to see the landmarks of the beginning of the Restoration Movement, including such things as the site of the Brush Run Church (our first congregation) and the stream where the Campbells were immersed.

There can be no greater tribute to Alexander Campbell than for a real unity meeting to be held in the very village that cradled our movement. It is tragic that after a century we are divided as we are, but it will be a testimony to our faith in what Campbell was trying to do for all of us to pray and talk together where our pioneers labored and died.

Maybe we would do well to reproduce somewhat the kind of atmosphere that Campbell himself described when he recalled the humble beginnings of the Restoration Movement thirty years later. He wrote as follows in 1842 concerning the first meeting at what was later to be known as the Brush Run Church, of which at first there was no house at all.

> I have yet extant the exordium, or a part of the exordium and some of the details of a discourse pronounced under an oak, eight miles from our present residence, in the month of June, 1811 (2nd Lord's day, I think) with a special reference to the organization of a new church, founded on the New Testament alone, and meeting for the first time to commemorate the Lord's death statedly on every Lord's day.
>
> The table was spread in the woods, and some sixty or seventy disciples, gathered out of various denominations, had assembled to show forth the Lord's death, covenanting with each other to follow the truth, the whole truth of Christianiy, whithersoever it might lead us, without regard to former prepossessions, manners, or customs.

The text that Campbell chose for this occasion was Job 8:7: "Though thy beginning be small, yet shall thy latter end greatly increase." In asking himself, thirty years later, why he chose such a text, he could answer only that he had a strong conviction that "we had got hold of the great principles of ecclesiastical union and communion on which all real Christians of all denominations, might, could, and certainly *would* one day unite."

And here we are, his own movement, tragically divided. Let's go back to that same spot near Bethany and pray together — and start over again as a united people—and then go out into the world and unite all men in Christ!—*the Editor*

A VISIT TO ACC

There is nothing particularly unusual about a man returning to the college from which he graduated and to the city where he served as minister to a church as well as lived as a student, but there are observations I might make about my recent visit to the Lectureship at Abilene Christian College that would be of interest to my readers.

Its most unique feature was that it was in company with Carl Ketcherside, whose background in our brotherhood is about as different from that of ACC as could be imagined. He was nurtured in the Sommerism tradition, which is itself a fascinating chapter in Church of Christ history, but whose leaders have vigorously opposed Church of Christ colleges all these years. Whether justified or not, the names of Sommer and Ketcherside have in our recent history been associated with bitter party rivalry and split-churches. It has been known, with some justification perhaps, as "the anti-college faction", and was consequently in virtual isolation, having little to do with the rest of Churches of Christ, which apparently pleased all concerned. There is no evidence of there being any love lost between the conflicting parties.

Until recent years the party lines were drawn tight, and about all the opposing sides knew of each other were the tales that were told. Sommer and Ketcherside were, of course, of the very devil, though no one ever saw much of them; and the Christian colleges were hotbeds of digression and immorality, though their critics seldom came around to see for themselves. It is true that Sommer and Ketcherside both spoke on programs at Freed-Hardeman College back in those days, an experience which supposedly softened Sommer in his anti-college attitude, but such contacts between "college brethren" and "anti-college brethren" were indeed rare. They did, of course, have their debates, which have always engrossed our people for good or ill, the most notable of which was between Ketcherside and G. C. Brewer.

Daniel Sommer was indeed one of our imminent pioneers, and a giant in intellect and ability, and one whose influence reached far and wide. When he died the leadership of the Sommerite churches, which were and still are rather substantial in number and which have been most representative of Churches of Christ in some sections of the north, passed to Carl Ketcherside, who seemed to have had everything, including youth, erudition, and an uncanny ability to influence people. He gave life to a faltering party, and was obviously destined to be the guiding star in this significant segment of our brotherhood.

Then something happened, but that brings us to history too recent to evaluate, except to say that brother Ketcherside now readily confesses his factionalism, repudiates the party spirit, and engages in work that transcends sectarian lines. The Sommerite party, what remains of it, has rejected him for his "liberal" position, and he is now barred from their churches. He has, however, led a substantial portion of the Sommerite remnant with him into a broader view of fellowship, and they are helping him in his efforts to unite all of us. A man who was once confined to a narrow faction that thought of itself as the only true church is now moving among all our parties within the Church of Christ-Christian Church, as well as other religious groups, pleading for the unity of Christians for which our Lord prayed.

That the leader of one faction among us should rise above his party and give himself to the overthrow of all factionalism is indeed phenomenal in our history or any church's history, and this point alone makes Carl Ketcher-

side an interesting person. He is known no longer as the champion of some party, but as one who refuses to be identified with any party. His journal, *Mission Messenger,* in an instrument of peace which circulates widely among all Campbellites, setting forth principles for the unity of the Restoration Movement. It appears providential that such a man would emerge in our ranks who is able to serve all our groups in our quest for oneness. Perhaps it is consistent with history that such a man comes from the most unexpected sources. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

We rejoice that this man is being used widely among most all our parties. Besides the influence of his journal, he is addressing all of our brethren on the subjects of fellowship and unity. The Independent Christian Church were the first to open the door to his message, and he has been to nearly all their colleges as a lecturer, and has twice addressed the North American Christian Convention. The more "liberal" Disciples of Christ then began listening to him, and he has appeared not only at their state conventions with his message of unity, but also at the famed World Convention of Christian Churches.

Besides all this brother Ketcherside has engaged in numerous unity meetings that have brought together leaders of as many as ten or twelve of our factions. The consequence of all this is that our people have been more conscious of the sin of division and the prospects of unity than ever before. And yet it is those of my own background, the non-instrument Church of Christ (associated with such institutions as *Firm Foundation* and Abilene Christian College), that has most opposed Ketcherside's efforts, and about the only party among us that is so far unwilling to give him a hearing. Despite pressure from their own students, our colleges refuse to have him come around, including ACC. Through his paper he has even offered to visit any of the colleges among us and submit to questioning by faculty and students, promising to conduct himself as a gentleman all the way, but so far there have been no takers.

So the "breakthrough" in my segment of the Church of Christ for the Ketcherside unity message is yet to come. There are signs, however, that it is nigh. I know of at least three instances where influential ministers from orthodox pulpits have mentioned Carl Ketcherside by name, and extolling him with such words as "the man who is doing more than anyone else for the cause of unity in our brotherhood." So I predict it will not be long until Carl Ketcherside will be on lectureship programs at our colleges and will be engaging in unity conferences in our churches, both large and small, from coast to coast.

This will be a great blessing to us, not so much that Carl Ketcherside *has* to be heard, but it will mean that we have at last broken out of our shell of narrowness and littleness. So long as we oppose our own men who are struggling to unite us, it is foolish for us to tell the world that we believe in Christian unity. But I must admit, eager as I may be to believe otherwise, that the door is still closed tight among us to Ketcherside and his plea for unity.

Well, this is the man that I met at the airport in Dallas and drove to

Abilene. I was prepared for an exciting venture, not only because it gave Carl and me the rare privilege of being together alone, but also because we expected to make important contacts in Abilene. And for some reason it gave me a sense of history, for I have a feeling that significant changes are underway, and that the Holy Spirit is using us in some small way in all of it. And I had rather *make* history than study it anytime!

I must here confess my weakness and just admit that I returned to ACC this time with some uneasiness, for my efforts as a critic and reformer are not always appreciated, and I don't much like to go where I'm not wanted. Besides, my wife was doubtful that Carl and I should make such a trip, and certainly not both of us, of all things. She thought Carl should go by himself! Now Ouida is a very brave little wife who seldom registers protests, and I dislike doing what she thinks is unwise. And, after all, we have to remember that the last time I went to a Christian college lectureship they threw me in jail. Ouida received a call from Tennessee that I was in the cooler, and it was up to her to get out and raise bond money. She well knows that my being on my good behavior is no guarantee that I'll get back home. So, she had some grounds for her misgivings.

I did not, of course, anticipate any untoward incidents at ACC (I didn't expect any in Tennessee either!), and I was as right as rain, for we were both treated most cordially from beginning to end, and we were made to feel welcome. We are glad we went. We were edified by what we heard, and we were impressed with the sincerity of the speakers. Several of the lecturers confirmed what we already suspected: the free spirit of inquiry is making such inroads among us that a new day is dawning. Our leaders are now saying what they would not have dared to say a decade ago, or even two or three years ago. And the subjects discussed indicate a new emphasis among us. They were more Christ-centered, and for about the first time in the history of the Abilene lectures there was a lesson on the Holy Spirit.

One could not expect to hear a finer address than that of Prof. Tony Ash of the ACC faculty. He made it clear that he was searching for the Christ of the Bible (that was his subject) and that he realized he did not yet have all the truth. He indicated that we all have much to learn from our religious neighbors, and that we are not to suppose that we are right and everybody else wrong. He called for more dialogue, insisting that we have been too exclusive, too isolated. He urged that we be more Christ-centered and less doctrinal-centered in our concerns. It was a reasonable and responsible presentation, and given by an obviously concerned man.

We were equally impressed with the panel discussion on "Why Dialogue Has Ceased" conducted by Edward Rockey and Wesley Reagan. These men pointed out that the typical attitude toward the Church of Christ is that "They think they're right and everybody else is wrong," or that we leave the impression that we think we're the only church. We will not be able to enter into dialogue until we assume that we have something to learn from others. They called for

more consideration and understanding toward those who differ with us. They indeed wanted dialogue with the denominations. We were pleased that someone raised the question of a restoration of contact within our own divided brotherhood. And the question was raised as to whether Church of Christ ministers might belong to the ministerial associations, but no one was yet ready for that. That will take three or four more years of growing, I figure.

As this panel dealt with the need to set up more dialogue both among our own brotherhood and among the denominations generally, and as they called for a greater concern for unity efforts, I had the urge to point out that some of us have been doing these very things for several years. And I could have added that it is a herculean task to persuade leaders of the Church of Christ to have anything to do with such efforts.

It so happens that in both of the cases that I have mentioned, Prof. Ash's discourse and the panel on dialogue, there was at least one brother of the "old school" that took the speaker to task for becoming too liberal. I happened to hear that much while I was offering a hand of commendation. But in one instance the speakers were rebuked for "going down the road with Carl Ketcherside and Leroy Garrett," which I thought was with poor grace. A man ought to be able to speak his mind without being lined up with somebody. Is the man speaking the truth?, should be the question, not whether he sounds like somebody that we are supposed to be against.

Brother Ketcherside and I shook hands with hundreds of wonderful brethren from everywhere, conferring at length with a number of them. The first hand that Carl shook after stepping onto the campus handed him a dollar for a subscription to his paper! And that happened at other times. We made it a point to call on as many faculty people as we could in their offices, especially the Bible faculty, most of whom are our old friends. We could not have been received with more Christian courtesy, and we were both convinced that they really were glad to see us, and were not just being nice. We called on President Morris and other administrative officers, and they seemed to be as pleased as we were. We were not up to anything in our visit to ACC, and we certainly had no chip on our shoulder, and we hope we made that clear. Our mission is peace and unity, and we were there to meet our brethren and listen to what they had to say.

There was a wisecrack or two along the way, such as one brother whom I've known for many years that wanted to know if I were there to take notes, but these were by no means serious. By the way, I took no notes! Neither did I say anything during the panel discussions; nor did Carl. We didn't plan it that way; we had no strategy; we didn't even discuss beforehand what we would do or not do.

The friendly reception convinced us that our brethren generally are more sympathetic with our efforts for a broader view of fellowship than they are the "old school" that has so long preserved Church of Christ orthodoxy. Our presence gave them an opportunity to question us and to see for themselves what we are trying to do. Once the word got around that we were

there, two gatherings of students requested private conferences. We advised them to check with some of the faculty to make sure that such meetings would be appropriate. They were given an immediate OK, and we enjoyed the students very much, finding them both intelligent and responsible. We found absolutely no resentment to our presence, and I must admit that I figured there would be some. I am encouraged and edified, and I thank God for the trip. Many brethren showed the emotion of surprise at our presence, but a *pleasant* surprise, or almost that. Some of the fellows standing with us at various points about the campus would occasionally inform us that we were being watched, but they only meant that "that table over there has discovered who you two are and the word is going around." But there is nothing wrong with that, for we realize that we are controversial figures, and I too stretch my neck when I hear that somebody is around that I've read and heard about for years but have never seen.

From ACC's point of view they have every reason to want men with different views around, for it makes their lectureships of wider representation. We noticed something else that is highly encouraging: some of the Christian Church fellows were there, as well as non-Sunday School brethren, and a few others not within the mainstream. Wonderful! That they would want to be there is significant; that ACC would want them is equally significant.

It was great! We loved it! I've just about worked myself up to trying Tennessee again. If I can only convince Ouida that . . . —*the Editor*

"How Vast the Resources of His Power . . ." **No. 3**

CHRIST IN YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY

It is not enough to say that our faith should be Christ-centered, for in fact our blessed Lord should be not only the center but the *whole* of our religion. Our concern is for Christianity, not *churchianity*. True, we are to love the church, but only in the sense that it is the church of *Christ*. As important as the Bible is, it is not to be the object of our faith, nor even the source of our faith, for the Christ is both the object and the source of our faith. We must guard against being bibliolatrists (worshippers of a book), though this may not be a serious hazard among us. It is always the Christ that the Bible reveals that we worship. It is the wonderful person of the Bible that makes that book precious to us.

The apostle Paul puts it this way: "Christ is all, and in all" (Col. 3:11), or as Phillips renders it: "Christ is all that matters." Again Paul says: "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain" (Philip. 1:21). Phillips puts it: "For living to me means simply 'Christ', and and if I die I should merely gain more of him." *To gain the more of him!* Those who were closest to Jesus had this desire above all others. In a humble gesture Peter insisted that the Son of God would never wash his feet. When the Christ replied that if He did not wash him he would have no

part with Him, Peter urged: "Lord, not my feet only but also my hands and my head" (John 13:8-9).

Paul saw the Christian life as "hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3:3), and he thus thought of his "old I" as crucified with Christ. And so he could say: "It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me" (Gal. 2:20). He further declares: "All of us who are Christians have no veils on our faces, but reflect like mirrors the glory of the Lord. We are transfigured by the Spirit of the Lord in ever-increasing splendor into his own image." (2 Cor. 3:18, Phillips)

Transfigured into his own image! This we can say is God's purpose for us: "For those whom he foreknew he also predestined to be conformed to the image of his Son" (Rom. 8:29) This is both for now and forever: "Just as we have borne the image of the man of dust, we shall also bear the image of the man of heaven" (1 Cor. 15:49). It is being like Christ, bearing His image, that is the surest means of identifying the Christian: "By this we may be sure that we are in him: he who says he abides in him ought to walk in the same way in which he walked" (1 John 2:5-6).

This experience of "Christ in you" or Christ-likeness is "God's great secret" of the ages, to use Phillips again. It is "the mystery hidden for ages and generations, but now made manifest in his saints" (Col. 1:26). God's great secret is that men should become transformed into His own image through the Christ. Not simply *men* (for the Jews would see only *Jewish* men here) but *any* man, including the poorest and most despised. Yea, even the Gentiles, who were but dogs to orthodox Jewry.

That is something like telling a man prejudiced against Negroes that the great secret of Heaven is that the poor and ignorant black man is to be transfigured into the glorious image of God Himself. It was to lowly Gentiles that "the apostle to the Gentiles" could write with such joy: "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. 1:27). It should be emphasized: Christ in *you!* The gospel is so glorious that it embraces even those that men reject. Christ is in the Gentiles too!

This is more than telling a poor man that the riches of earth are at his disposal. It is rather the revealing to a man who has no hope of immortality that all the glories of heaven are his. It is telling him that he too may bear the likeness of God in this world and forever. Let us read it in Phillips: "They are those to whom God has planned to give a vision of the full wonder and splendor of his secret plan for the sons of men. And the secret is simply this: Christ *in you!* Yes, Christ *in you* bringing with him the hope of all the glorious things to come."

Color should not divide men like it does. After all, we are all but varying shades of brown. A "white man" wearing a white shirt has a face that is not really white like his shirt, but rather a shade of brown. The "black man" wearing a black suit has a face quite different in color from his suit, for it too is a shade of brown. And so with all the races. We have made far too much of color. It is "Christ in you" that really matters, which transcends all color.

Booker T. Washington in his book *Up From Slavery* tells of riding in a railway car that was properly segregated with signs posted "For Colored" and "For Whites". There was a man asleep in the white section that appeared to be a little too brownish to be a white man, and when the conductor came by he paused to look the man over. Booker T. was watching, interested in how the conductor would handle the matter. The conductor kept studying the sleeping passenger, and finally he quietly lifted his trouser leg for a look at a different part of the anatomy and decided that the man must be white, and left him with his dreams.

The Christian sees the man, whether he looks at his face or his legs (and admittedly some men watch legs more than they do faces), as bearing the likeness of God, at one degree of glory or another. All men are created in God's image, and they should be respected because of this; but some have been *recreated* into the likeness of Christ, which is still a higher degree of glory.

Differences in viewpoint should not divide men either, for we are all much more alike by nature than we realize. Our needs, drives, impulses, emotions, and instincts are similar in all of us. The margin of differences is wholesome; variety adds spice to life. Men are not to be judged as Methodists, Roman Catholics, or Campbellites, but as individuals who are responding to the same needs that we all have. The "image of Christ" eclipses all the racial and sectarian prejudices that separate men into warring factions. We are slow to learn that men who seem ever so different in race, color and opinion can together "bear the image of the man of heaven."

That which really divides men, then, is the choice they make between flesh and Spirit. They can be conformed to the world or they can be transformed by the renewing of their minds, and thus become like the Christ. What a tragedy it is that so many do not respond to God's great secret plan to have His Son dwelling in all men! "The desires of the flesh are against the Spirit, and the desires of the Spirit are against the flesh, for these are opposed to each other, to prevent you from doing what you would." (Gal. 5:17) It is this, and only this, that should ever divide men.

The apostle even uses the word *hostility* in regard to the divisive nature of flesh and Spirit: "The mind that is set on the flesh is hostile to God; it does not submit to God's law, indeed it cannot; and those who are in the flesh cannot please God." (Rom. 8:7-8) He points out that the way of the flesh, by which he means *carnality,* is death, while the way of the Spirit is life and peace.

We may conclude, therefore, that the Spirit makes men one. Oneness or unity is indeed the fruit of the Spirit (Gal. 5:22), and this is what makes men like Christ. The carnal man, on the other hand, is hostile toward both God and the man who is transformed to God's image, for his desires are of the flesh. For factions among men to exist because of differences of race, color, or opinion is a travesty against God's eternal purpose, for His love transcends all such differences. God has already determined what shall divide men. It is the same thing that divides heaven and earth and God and Satan. It is the eternal hostility between flesh and Spirit.

"If Christ be in you . . . '" Paul

says in Rom. 8:10. This is what makes the difference between men. Each man is free to choose for himself the way of carnality or the way of the Spirit. The apostle shows that it is the difference between life and death. What a tragedy that so many are dead even while they live!

Jesus uses the figure of *wholeness* and *sickness* to describe this conflict. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Lk. 5:31-32) So there is *the sickness of sin* and *the wholeness of the Spirit* that distinguishes between the human family. In our time Hitler has come to be thought of as the very embodiment of evil, but his case is but an exagerrated example of what the sickness of sin does to men. Whether one is murdering millions of Jews or manifesting bitterness toward his wife, it is the carnality that creates hostility.

Oh, but to think of the transforming power of the gospel of God! If in his youth Hitler could have been taken in hand by someone of the Spirit, who would have shown insight and sympathy, what a difference it would have made in this world and throughout eternity. Hitler's genius and oratorical powers might have been devoted to preaching the Christ instead of stirring up hatred. What a contrast! Hitler, a man of the Spirit, and the Hitler we know in history. It is this same difference in flesh and Spirit that divides men everywhere in varying degrees. And it is this same difference even within ourselves, for the hostility between the carnal and the spiritual is ever present.

Christ in you, the hope of glory! What a resource of power for living in this troubled world! "Yes, Christ *in you* bringing with him the hope of all the glorious things to come." Man has no greater source of strength than glorious expectation. We find this true in some of the humble experiences of life, whether it be the expectation of a son returning home from war or the hope that surgery will remove a malignancy from the bosom of a loved one. And when that son steps upon the porch from the field of battle, whole and smiling, and when the surgeon returns from the operating room and says, "Your mother is going to be a well woman now," *that is glory.* Without such triumphs in this world life becomes unbearable, for it would be a life without any glory.

The schoolboy struggles hard to make his grade. He fears he might fail the examination and not be able to graduate and go to college. On the day of reckoning the teacher lays a hand on his shoulder and says, "John, you've been a loyal, faithful student. You've worked hard, and you have pleased me very much. You made a good grade on the exam. John, you are going to graduate!" That is his glory!

Every child longs to be praised. We have three little adopted children in our home, and we are constantly reminded of their craving for praise. One of them will say, "How am I doing, Daddy?", as he helps me in the yard. I simply cannot praise him too much. And when I do . . . that is his glory!

Glory can be thought of in terms of both *fame* and *luminosity.* The world certainly has glory to offer those who seek it. Our recent President of the United States became something of a symbol of earthly glory, for he had youth, fame, riches, position, power, wisdom, and even a lovely wife. And he enjoyed all these to a degree approaching the ultimate. And as sad as it is to all of us, he likewise illustrates the futility of the glory the world has to give. The poet, Thomas Gray, puts it in these words:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Luminosity is also suggestive of glory. We speak of the glorious sunlight and of a glorious moon, and even the Bible uses this kind of language: "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for star differs from star in glory." (1 Cor. 15:41)

Paul could say: "I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory that is to be revealed to us." (Rom. 8:18) Paul's hope of glory can be thought of as both fame and luminosity, but only as heaven can bestow. Daniel surely included the great apostle when he promised: "Those who are wise shall shine like the brightness of the firmament; and those who turn many to righteousness, like the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. 12:3)

This is another way of saying that God is going to accept us and make us a part of heaven forever. We shall shine like the stars throughout eternity, sharing the likeness of God Himself. That will be our glory!

And all of us, like that schoolboy and like my little children, long to be praised by the One we worship. We are rejected in this cold world. We are strangers here. Like the Christ we serve, we do not seek the honors that men can give. But how we do long for the honors that only God can give! Once we pass from a world that is unjust and that misunderstands, and stand in His presence and hear Him say: "Well done, good and faithful servant; you have been faithful over a little, I will set you over much; enter into the joy of your master," that will be our glory.

Such glorious thoughts of God's children shining like stars and ruling like kings should enhance our respect for each other. When we are tempted to slight a brother, we should remind ourselves that he may someday shine like a star in God's eternal heaven. We reject the brother while God appoints him to a position of honor to rule forever. Now that doesn't make sense, does it? When we are tempted to look down on a man because of the garb he wears or the infirmity he bears, we should recall that he may someday experience such heavenly glory that we would be inclined to worship him if we should behold him in such majesty. We thus ignore one in this world who may someday shine with such brightness that if we could see him *now* as he will be *then,* we might wish to bow before him with breath-taking adoration. It is something to think about, isn't it? Let's look at a man in terms of his potential glory.

Christ in you, the hope of glory! Such a realization gives inspiration to the dullest and most uninteresting experiences of life, for *Christ in you* becomes life itself.—*the Editor*

AN EVENING AT THE CONCERT

My family and I are sometimes able to enjoy the cultural activities at Texas Woman's University, where I am employed as a professor of philosophy. We think it is good for our children's education to hear Fred Waring's *Pennsylvanians,* Martha Schlamme, that glorious soprano folk singer, and Philip Entremont, the world-renowned pianist. Our children are fortunate to grow up in an academic community where there is more concern for "the things that matter most." Besides the cultural benefits, we all enjoy these occasional evenings attending an opera, a play, or a concert.

It disappoints me that many of our young people, the college girls as well as my own children, appreciate *light* art (to use a kind term) more than serious art. When we have someone like the Four Freshmen or The Beatles at T. W. U. there is not a vacant seat in our large auditorium, while the attendance for an organ concert or a ballet is sometimes embarrassing. But that is part of education—exposing them to excellence—and that is why I favor *compulsory* attendance when the masters come to our campus. Just as a child has to be trained, with a bit of firm persuasion, to eat many foods that are good for him (I try to teach mine to eat any food placed before them and never to say or think "I don't like that"), so a college student does not yet know what is good for him educationally. If we can require a university woman to take a foreign language or philosophy because they are necessary to her education, we can also require her to "take" Philippe Entremont when he comes to our campus. Oftentimes people do not know what they like until they have experienced it. Our aesthetic sense will respond to the finer arts if we will only expose it to a little cultivation.

The other evening my family had an evening with the Kansas City Philharmonic on our campus, with one of my brothers from Dallas and his family sitting with us. As I sat listening to these masters of harmony, more than eighty of them, my mind turned to some of the subjects that concern us in this journal. I thought I would share some of them with you.

The people that make up this famous symphony orchestra are the epitome of diversity. Some are very young, others quite old; a few are but "beginners" in comparison to the veteran masters. Some are single and some are married, with a number of them married to each other, which is encouraged by the troupe. Some are male and some female, some short and some tall; some quite handsome and some not. While there was a lot of hair, some had little or none. No doubt but what the emotional patterns of each one are unique, and that they differ as much in their thinking about most everything, including music, as they differ in their looks. Their instruments were also very different from each other.

As I thought of the diversity of these musicians I was all the more impressed with the glorious unity of their presentation. As they played

Cesar Franck's Symphony in D Minor, which has been described as having unchallenged pre-eminence as the crown of symphonic art in France, I realized the meaning of unity in diversity. Harmony, in fact, can come in no other way but by the union of diverse elements. I enjoyed closing my eyes and listening to the symphony as it filled the auditorium like the voice of a million birds all in perfect unison. Then to open my eyes and behold eighty different people intensely engrossed over a score of varied instruments—it was an edifying experience. The rhythmic sounds came floating by, some tenderly as if on tiptoe, some mysteriously as if crescendos from a mystic sea.

As I pondered on each of the diverse elements the wholeness that I was enjoying was partly lost. Some of the musicians appeared to have such an insignificant role. One of them spent most of his time holding aloft a triangular chime which he would strike only occasionally, and then ever so delicately. Even when his rare moments came I found it difficult to discern his contribution. "All the way from Kansas City, and all that money, just for that . . . " I was tempted to think. I counted something like 45 or 50 violinists and violaists, each one intensely involved, making his own contribution to the symphony. "Are so many stringed instruments necessary? . . . " I went on thinking. "Would it make any difference if one or two of them came up missing, and if not, why have them to start with?" And I wondered if one of them happened to touch the wrong string just once if the director would notice, and if so, what he would think about it.

Despite the magnificence of the unity of the symphony, I realized that the unity was not an end in itself. The fourscore musicians achieved oneness with artistic precision, but this was not the end they had in view. They did not come down from Kansas City simply to demonstrate that they could play together! Unity was but the means to something greater. We might say their end was communication, which would have been impossible without unity.

Unity is never its own end. A man and his wife are united by the bond of marriage, but the unity makes possible something higher. Jesus prayed that His disciples would be one "so that the world may realize that you sent me and have loved them as you loved me." Unity was the means, the witness to the world, the end. Our struggle for unity should never be viewed as an end in itself, but as a means of demonstrating to the world the power of a Spirit-filled people, and for the salvation of lost souls.

"How does the orchestra realize such a beautiful unity?" I asked myself. My wife mentioned the obvious self-discipline of the group and the lifetime of hard work, and while this is relevant, it is not the essence of the unity. In my philosophy classes at the college we conclude that the *essence* of a thing is what that thing must have to be what it is. A knife that no longer cuts or a watch that no longer runs has lost its essence. You might have eighty musicians with barrels of self-discipline and hard work and still not have unity. All the knowledge of music that a brain can hold will not itself produce unity. Even a lifetime of experience in concert music is not

the answer, for such veterans may play in unison on one occasion and with discord the next. As germane as all these elements, are there is something else that is the essence. Or there is *someone* else, we should say.

It is of course the director of the orchestra that is the cohesive influence that makes the symphonic presentations possible. Without him there would be no symphony, irrespective of the knowledge, discipline, and experience of the group. As I held my youngest child in my lap I whispered to him to watch the eyes of the players, how closely they watched the director. While the written music before them was faithfully referred to, it was the director that unified them. My little boy and I became especially fascinated with the man with the drums, who hardly took his eyes from the majestic movements of his master's wand. He watched intently, and then at the precise moment, he hammered upon his drums with his twin batons, sometimes with the rapidity and fury of an attacking tiger and sometimes with the gentleness of a mother's kiss.

Whatever their relationship might be off stage, I thought, in this moment the director and his followers are one. His cohesive influence is stronger than any petty differences that may exist, and his authority transcends all divergent theories. While the written music is of course necessary, it is the person of the director that gives life to the symphony, and it is he that makes it possible for each musician to contribute his own unique part to the whole, however small. The director's place is central. His towering figure, with baton in position, symbolized the fact that he *is* the symphony, for without him there would be only a group of talented people. He makes the many one and inspires the parts into wholeness.

All of this wonderfully illustrated to me the centrality of the Christ to our lives. He is both the ground of our being and the basis of our oneness. He *is* Christianity, and it is only as we reflect His glory in our lives that our part has any meaning. Our eyes and our affections must always be upon Him. However precious and vital the written Word is to us it is the Living Word that is the cohesive power. As we are drawn closed to Him we are drawn closer to each other. Because of His love for us and our love for Him we are in love with each other. In Him racial and class distinctions disappear, and because of Him doctrinal differences are no longer preeminent.

Phillips' rendition of Eph. 1:9-10 is in order here:

"God has allowed us to know the secret of his plan, and it is this: he purposes in his sovereign will that all human history shall be consummated in Christ, that everything that exists in Heaven or earth shall find perfection and fulfillment in him."

God's plan is to unite all things in heaven and on earth in Christ. This is the end God had in view from the beginning, and it should be the goal of all our labors. The unity of all God's children on earth, for which we are striving, is therefore a means for attaining God's eternal purpose, the unity of all heaven and earth in Christ. When we are one, as God and Christ are one, we manifest the glory of God with such brilliance that even

the angels in heaven take notice. This brings us to our final point.

The concert that we heard also reminded me of the church's role in glorifying God before all heaven and earth. The audience was a participant in that each of us was a witness to an unfolding drama. I thought of the pageant that God is producing for the angels in heaven as a demonstration of his wisdom. To quote Phillips again: "The purpose is that all the angelic powers should now see the complex wisdom of God's plan being worked out through the church, in conformity to that timeless purpose which he centered in Jesus, our Lord." Eph. 3:10

God is conducting a symphony, this passage is saying. The angels are His audience. The church is the orchestra, with every saint performing according to his talent. The rendition is the glory, majesty, and wisdom of God. Praise His name!

As the heavenly hosts bear witness to this panorama of God's manifold witness, they praise God. By means of the church's symphonic production all of heaven and earth become one in Christ. What a glorious view Paul is giving us of God's eternal purpose!

As we sat waiting for the concert to begin there were discordant sounds aplenty. While each musician was thumping or blowing on his instrument, each one indifferent to the others as he endeavored to get his strings or brass in tune, I was thankful that the whole evening would not be this way. "What torture it would be," I said to myself, "if I had to sit through all this fuss for very long." But in a moment the director appeared, in his majestic black and tails, and the musicians all stood in honor of his presence. He first shook hands with his first violinist who sat at his right hand, and then he bowed to his audience. He mounted the platform and raised his arms. All eyes were fixed upon the wand in his right hand. His arms moved and the drama began. What majesty!

What does the angelic host behold as they watch those of us that make up the kingdom of God on earth? They can bear to see us in discord if, when the Christ steps into our lives, a change takes place. They can understand our weaknesses and foibles, and even the occasional foul notes that we are certain to make, if our eyes are upon our Director and if all are participating in the holy concert through the grace that only He can bestow. We cannot all be first violinists, but we can all share the common life, performing whatever humble tasks He assigns us.

The angels will be watching. And they will applaud.

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of a continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.
—John Donne

WHAT IS A CHURCH?

The New Testament congregations were fellowships of forgiven sinners. The primary proclamation of the Christian gospel was the forgiveness of sins (Luke 24:47). Men gathered together in local churches to praise God for revealing his wonderful grace to them in Christ Jesus. The power of these early Christians lay in this one overwhelming thought: "God forgives; yes, forgives even me."

A man who believed this astounding fact found himself released from bondage of sin. He found his heart unshackled, and the chains of selfishness, pride, and passion broken. With an unimaginable love he found himself drawn irresistibly to his fellow believers. And so they met together as one body united by one head and one spirit, and they reveled in their new-found freedom and peace. Such was the early church.

What is a church today? Are members drawn together because of a new found joy in the forgiveness of sins? *Or* is a church a group of "Christians" who have found some particular aspect of Christian faith or practice which must be preserved against other "Christians" who do not hold to it? Are not many modern churches founded on a system of doctrine or church government? As a result the church becomes not a fellowship of forgiven sinners, but a clique of self-righteous Pharisees. And men, instead of being attracted to the church, are repelled unless they are looking for some to justify their sins rather than a means of having their sins forgiven. What is a church—fellowship or clique?

—Bob Ross, Southeastern Christian College, Winchester, Ky.

BOOK NOTES

If you are interested in the "Death of God" thinking, you can now get *Honest to God* by Bishop Robinson in paperback, only $1.65. Reactions to this book, along with a new chapter by the bishop, which brings you up to date, is in *The Honest to God Debate,* for only $1.85.

What About Tongue Speaking by A. A. Hoekema, is written by an authority on cult religion. While he argues that tongues were restricted to the apostolic age, his treatment is sympathetic and understanding, and includes a chapter on "What We Can Learn from the Movement." He gives the reader a history of tongue-speaking as well as a Biblical evaluation. $3.50.

The Millennial Harbinger Abridged, in two large volumes, is the best of Campbell's magazine. Compiled by Benjamin Lyon Smith, it was first published in 1902, and is now available in a bright new volumes with lovely dust jacket. An ideal gift for anyone who is a student of the Restoration Movement. Sold in sets only at $9.95 (over 1200 pages in all). You can use our Credit Plan on this set and on all the books we advertise. This makes it possible for you to buy what you want *now* and pay for it at the rate of $5.00 monthly.

Soon to be published by the Disciples of Christ Historical Society is a history of our Movement written by a Church of Christ man. *Quest for a Christian America: A Social History of the Disciples of Christ to* 1866, by David Edwin Harrell, Jr., is important in that it reveals the *social* concerns of our pioneers, an aspect of their work that is usually overlooked. Our pioneers not only preached the plan of salvation, but they also "believed that the Christian message had a deep meaning for this world. They had a vision of Christian America that might well inspire us to take a second look at our own attitude in this respect. David Harrell comes from the "non-cooperative" wing of the Church of Christ, and he is highly regarded by the people at the historical society for his scholarship. He is a professor of history at East Tennessee State University. Harold Fey, formerly of *Christian Century,* reviewed the book, and concluded by saying: "Here is a history more exciting than journalism, argued so ably and supported so soundly that henceforth anybody who writes or speaks concerning the beginnings of the Disciples will have to take this book into account." You will especially appreciate the treatment of the problem of salvery. The Campbellites owned more slaves than any other church, but they were among the first to free them and to protest the system. Thomas Campbell resigned from a teaching position because he was not allowed to teach Negroes. This book will excite you. A thick volume for only $5.95.

FBI Man by Louis Cochran is not the kind of book usually referred to in this column, but it is significant to our people because of its author. Cochran (see the article on Alexander Campbell in this issue) is so important to the literary history of the Restoration Movement that anything he writes will one day be a collector's item. Besides, the book *is* relevant to our concerns as Christians, for it takes you out into the world of white slavery, prostitution, kidnapping, and the day-to-day life of a federal investigator, which Cochran was for several years. My wife and I have a little habit of reading to each other each night after we retire. We recently made a long journey through *A Pillar of Iron* by Caldwell Taylor, a 600-page account of the life of Cicero. As thrilling as it was, I thought we'd never finish; but once we did we began *FBI Man.* Once we read the chapter on "The Man Who Lived Twice", it was hard to wait until the next night to hear about "Extortion in Church." The human interests stories will touch your heart. You will become more compassionate than critical of prostitutes, and you will want to drop a tear or two for our confused and corrupt world. You will laugh when Cochran cross-examines his first fugitive in the presence of local police officers who suppose he is a veteran at the business, and your heart will miss a beat or two as he confronts a dangerous bank robber on a St. Louis street, and, along with other FBI agents, engages in a gun battle that ends in the death of the criminal. As you read this exciting volume you come to realize that *this is about life.*